

Poetry.
For the Mercury.
THE EVICTED.
BY W. K. DEANEY.

I. They crept within the roofless walls,
When the ruffian gang with drew,
How could they leave their own old home,
Where would they find a new?
They gazed round their once warm hearth,
Now silent, dark and cold,
And the shivering children's wasted forms,
Of want and hunger told.

II. The night winds swept the pallid brow
Of a fair, young dying child,
As hushed to rest on the mother's breast,
In its troubled sleep she smiled.
The burning spot on each cheek,
The short, convulsive sigh,
The panting, broken, and dim-pled eyes,
Told the fatal change was nigh.

III. "Look at our angel, Owen, dear,
His smiling in his sleep,
His dying sleep—my darling boy—
And yet I cannot weep.
No, my tears and blood are all dried up
By hunger's horrid pain,
And I'm going, too, Arthur—ma-cree,
We'll never starve again.

IV. "I'd stay, dear Owen, if I could,
I would not leave you lone,
But God is calling me away,
His holy will be done.
And you, Master, will follow soon,
With those poor helpless three,
Oh! sure 'twill be the blessed change,
His loving face to see.

V. Ah, if I had one wee drop
To wet my darling's tongue!"
She stopped, and round the dying child
With failing arms she clung.
Owen laid him on the damp, cold earth,
One sob, one struggle wild,
They flew to God from cruel men,
The mother and the child.

VI. Love of my heart,
My Love.

For the Mercury.
AT A FATHER'S TOMB.
BY TOM-TIT.

Paternal shade! I enclose a son,
To weep an hour away;
To deck the grave he weeps upon—
His father's lonely clay.
Hush sorrow! hush the hazy breeze!
Let silence wait the fallen tree;
The son is on his benediction knees;
To consecrate a father's bier;
To plant the lonely primrose
Above the mossy stone,
To be the emblem of repose,
His father's and his own;
To twine a wreath of sacred love,
With pity and with prayer,
And write a father's name above,
The son was lately here.

THE DEAD MARINER.
BY GEORGE D. FRENCH.

Sleep on, sleep on! above thy corpse
The winds their Sabbath keep;
The winds are round thee, and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep.
Over the mild earth her beauty flings,
And then the wild gull lifts her wings,
And the blue halcyon loves to lave,
Her plumage in the deep blue wave.

Sleep on; no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air,
No violet springs, no dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare;
But then the sea-flower, bright and young,
Sweetly o'er thy slumber flung,
And like a weeping monarch fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on, sleep on; the glittering depths,
Of ocean's coral caves
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem,
The music of its waves;
The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on, sleep on; the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep,
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep;
But, when the wave has hushed to rest,
As now, 'twill murmur o'er thy breast,
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on; thy corpse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet;
For the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet;
And she, thy young and beautiful bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
And oft she turns to view, with tears,
The Eden of departed years.

OLD IRONSIDES.
BY O. W. HOLMES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath its ruffled battle stream,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying her on, and
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conqueror's woe,
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders should the mighty deep
And she should be white below,
Than that the ship should strike the
To the mast her shrouded sail
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• Written when it was proposed to break up
the frigate Constitution, as unfit for further ser-

Original Tale.
For the Mercury.
"CAN YOU CALL THIS A GHOST STORY?"
BY DORRIS LEE.

"This is just the night for a Ghost Story," said I to my friend Bernard, as we were sitting before a pleasant fire one evening last week.

Bernard was a chum of mine at college, and a fine fellow he is. Outside our cosy apartment the wind, which had increased in violence since sundown, was rushing in angry tumult round the corner of my antiquated residence, banging the shutters and piping in shrill glee through the keyholes, causing the ruby coals to glow with intense fervor, and ourselves to draw with in closer range of the welcome heat.

"A Ghost Story," said Bernard, as he refilled his pipe for the sixth time. He was very fond of a pipe. An old clay bowl attached to a twisted stem, he dearly prized, and the curved weed having circumnavigated his 'ambrosial' locks, flew off in a tangent towards some unobtrusive individual, wreathing its vapory columns in close proximity to his nose, placed, as he fondly imagined, far away from the noxious weed.

As for myself, that I should have to write it, I cannot smoke a pipe. Nature, generally propitious, has given the desire without the means to accomplish; in other words, it makes me deathly sick. Many a time I have taken a cigar or bowl of Killiknick, and bravely accomplished the whole of its contents, secretly congratulating myself upon my success, when the sudden chill, the dizzy brain, the nauseating stomach, have forced me to beat a retreat, and in the solitude of my chamber mentally vow 'never again to touch a cigar.'

But with relief comes hope, and forgetful of consequences, some friend with kindly intent proffers the tempting roll, and solely for the sake of companionship, for truly, smoking is a great bond of union between friends, I accept and pass through the same ordeal. Whether in process of time I shall be able to take my place among the army of smokers now can tell.

But by this time Bernard has lighted his pipe, and is settling himself in his cosy chair, to continue the thread of his wise remarks, so abruptly snatched by my digression.

"A Ghost Story," said he, 'yes I know and although it may not follow the established rules, or tread in the well beaten tracks of every ghost that has not yet been laid, is nevertheless true and indisputable.'

Here I laughed to myself rather than satirically. "You may laugh," said Bernard, 'but the event of my life, though explained from natural causes, to some does not thoroughly convince me; and has often been the subject of conversations between my friends and myself.'

'Well,' answered I, his earnest manner rousing my curiosity. Let me hear it, for tales of the marvellous always please.

'If the dark tales of Romance
Did your bosom e'er entrance,
Or render perpendicular your hair;
Just lend me your 'ancient,'
And for these sad particulars
Your cambric pocket handkerchiefs prepare.'

And while you are arranging your facts and deciding what shall be enlarged and what pruned down to strict truth, I will put on more coal, and see what I can find in my corner cupboard.'

'You remember then,' said Bernard, 'after we graduated at Brown I passed a year at the Medical College in Edinburgh, and suddenly started for the Continent, without sending word to any one of my intention.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and nothing astonished us more than the letters from your friends at the College, announcing the fact that you had suddenly left for parts unknown.'

'That Summer,' continued Bernard, 'I passed with my friend Arthur Stone, at the Homestead Stonehurst, as it was called, a well preserved substantial mansion, for many years in the family, and situated at the extremity of a desolate moor in the North of Scotland.'

The entrance to the courtyard from the moor was a long narrow lane, allowing vehicles to pass each other only in one spot, and therefore should two dog-carts turn into the lane from opposite directions, the one reaching first the broad opening, by courtesy remained there until the other had passed.

This narrow path, which lost the level and stony character of the plain behind it, was bordered on each side by an impetuous hedge of Blackthorn, and extended for about a mile in its arrowy straightness to the borders of a small lake, the banks rich with verdure, and in striking contrast to the desolation at such a short distance.

From the upper window of the house we could plainly see the lights of the town of Mallinden, some five miles away, and often, as Arthur and myself were returning at dusk towards home, we would see the friendly twinkle of the lamp in the far distance that Mrs. Stone had placed in the

window for our guidance across the treacherous and bewildering plain.

One evening in autumn, we were slowly cantering across the moor, when Arthur suddenly complained of giddiness, and we halted for a moment to rest. As the attack seemed to pass off in an instant, we walked our horses carefully side by side, and I recalled afterwards to my mind that Arthur's face was flushed, and had I not been his constant companion through the entire day, I should have certainly supposed that he had been drinking.

'Are you sure you were in a condition to determine that fact yourself,' I quickly asked.

'Indeed I certainly was,' answered Bernard, with so much earnestness that I was silent, and he resumed his story.

Scarcely had we turned our horses heads down the lane, when a sudden gust of wind swept up the narrow path, bringing with it clouds of dust that blinded us, and almost snatched from our heads the slight protection of a Glangarry.

As the dust subsided, I noticed Arthur sitting erect in his saddle, wildly staring down the lane, and at the same moment a chill autumnal blast of more piercing keenness than the preceding, came with full sweep upon us, and my poor breast suddenly trembled violently, and then remained rooted to the earth.

I patted the frightened animal, and turned to notice the effect of the blast upon my friend's fine mare, when she suddenly darted by me.

Strange vigor was imparted to my trembling steed, and gathering himself for a sudden leap that almost threw me from the saddle, darted furiously after his companion.

As Arthur neared a large tree, said to be half way between the moor and Stonehurst, the mare slackened her pace, and I gained rapidly upon her, when, what was my horror, to find seated behind my friend, a dark, shaggy object, tightly grasping him round the waist.

I involuntarily started in my saddle and I felt as if I had suddenly been plunged into an ice cold bath paralyzing all my faculties.

Arthur was breathing hard but he did not turn towards me, and still remained staring down the lane. I was now abreast of him, and raising my riding whip, brought it with all my strength on the shoulders of the imp, which was at least in earthly guise, for turning towards me with a fierce yell, leaped from the saddle, and was lost in the fast gathering darkness.

The creature on which I was riding, frightened by my gesture, or possessed by a devil, as it occurred to me at the time, seemed gifted with wings, and sprang forward into the blackness that had rapidly fallen on us, at the decline of the long twilight, common in such Northern latitudes.

In vain I strove to check our impetuous course; we dashed wildly along, the cold wind blowing fiercely in my face, and at every mad leap expecting to be hurled into eternity, when I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. How we tore along the level road that terrible night. Hedgerow black trees bending in the increasing gale, with frightful nods of welcome, as with lightning rapidity we neared the old stone gateway that opened into the Court yard.

The gate was generally shut at night-fall and if closed, I dared not think of our peril. I therefore endeavored to check my headlong course, and partly succeeded in restraining my maddened steed, who may have instinctively known our danger, and Arthur's mare flew past me, riderless.

I cannot describe to you my horror, and anxiety; unable to tell whether my friend had been thrown from his horse or fallen from exhaustion during the short moment that elapsed after the disappearance of the hobgoblin, and I did not dare to dwell on the horrible consequences.

The mare, reached first the gateway, darted through the providentially opened gate, and made for the stable. Thank heaven said I, for I hoped that the animal in its mad speed would not alarm the inmates of the house, for I knew all were awaiting our return.

But it was too late, a mother's watchful ear had caught the sound, and Mrs. Stone and her daughter appeared upon the stone porch.

In a moment more I was at the stable, meeting the coachman, who had seized the panting animal and with blanched face and opened lips dared not ask me Master Arthur.

Bidding him instantly search the lane, I went towards the house and endeavored as quietly as my excited feelings would allow me, to tell the terrible story.

Mrs. Stone was a woman, as I have often since thought, of iron nerve; and when I had finished my sad recital, calmly ordered her shawl, and leaving me far behind, made rapid way up the lane with her daughter, while I followed as quickly as my exhaustion would permit.

Half-way up the lane, by the old tree where the imp had disappeared, lay the inanimate body of my friend, the breath of life scarcely discernible, and slowly we retraced our steps, after trying what few applications had been hastily procured,

but without success, and I feared that he was lost to us on earth.

But as we neared the termination of the lane Arthur opened his eyes, and gazed at us a moment, then Mrs. Stone, who had not been lost her self-command, gave a low moan, and the pent up tears came to her relief.

For many days afterwards Arthur lay in a precarious situation; his mother was his only nurse, for she would allow no one else the place by his bedside, but watched with him day and night, until we all feared that Nature would break under the restraint imposed by the iron will contained in the fragile body, for Mrs. Stone was a small and delicately featured woman.

However, Arthur recovered slowly, and it was not until he was fairly convalescent, that I dared to recur to the event of that frightful ride, when he begged me never again to refer to it, and earnestly entreated his mother and sister to do so likewise.

We of course promised as the sick man desired, and it was not many days before I discovered the secret of the horror which possessed Arthur, whenever anything tended to recall the events of the night.

I had not intended to remain at Stonehurst for such a length of time as I did, but Arthur desired me so earnestly to stay with them a few weeks longer, and he was so warmly seconded by Mrs. Stone and her daughter, that I consented.

Most probably 'the daughter,' was the greater attraction, interrupted I, for I knew Bernard's falling ever since he wrote sonnets, and walked with the pretty Miss B—— in Westminster street, when we were chums at Brown.

'Yes,' answered he, 'I confess I was always pleased with one so womanly as Miss Stone, and I do not know to what foolishness I might have been led into, had we not been interrupted in our quiet life by the sequel to an event, as startling as it was true.

It was nearly three months since Arthur's accident, and he had been able for some weeks to go around the house, and even take an occasional ride around the farm.

Strangely however, his whole disposition seemed changed, and he would wander about with a gloomy sadness, that his sister only seemed partly to dispel, and often I longed to ask him if the strange events of nearly three months before had been so indelibly stamped on his brain as to leave their gloomy impress.

I had discovered that a strange animal probably belonging to some itinerant exhibitor of curiosities, had been found on the moor, and I eagerly grasped at the remote chance of the description in the county newspaper and Arthur's strange companion.

I mentioned my belief to him, and I rejoiced for a few days, to see him recover his accustomed spirits, but they quickly subsided, and left him still more gloomy.

At length the secret of his inquietude was revealed to me, and even now when I repeat it to you, the scene is as harrowing and terrible as when five years ago I was a participant in it.

One afternoon, Arthur who had been restless all the morning was confined with a severe headache to the parlor sofa. The sky had been overcast all the afternoon and the short Winter's day was soon ended. He made us light the lamps very early for the dull sighing of the wind in the dark pine trees outside cast a weird and eerie feeling over us all. The twilight always at Stonehurst seemed gloomy to me. The bleak moor in the distance looked bare and desolate, under the wishy hue of twilight and the quiet little pond on the other side assumed a more sombre cast.

The doors also creaked with a fiendish sound, and often when I lay in my bed in a distant portion of the house, I have heard the door bang in the quiet stillness with startling echoes.

I had retired very early in the evening, for the purpose of writing to friends at home, and was about folding my last letter, when the noise made by the galloping of a horse caught my attention.

I listened, and the sound of the hoofs which I had heard distinctly crumbling the frozen gravel under my window, were fast retreating in the distance. At last they grew fainter and fainter, and finally were brought to me only on the fitful gusts of wind.

Wondering who could be braving the tempest on such a night—for I had heard certainly the uneven tramp of two animals—I was about to open my door, to find if sudden sickness had been the cause of the unusual excitement.

Scarcely had I laid my half-folded letter on the table, when a slight tap at my door arrested my attention, and quickly opening it, found myself face to face with Miss Stone.

'What shall I do, Arthur has just gone to town and this is the night,' and she gazed into my face, with a most agonized expression.

He is not strong enough to ride, I said, why did you let him go.

'I did not know it,' she answered. 'After you left us I persuaded Arthur to take

a game of chess with me and he consented. We completed two games and then I went to bed and left Arthur to finish his cigar. I awoke with a noise in the courtyard and hurrying down stairs I found a note telling me that brother John in the village had been seized with a fit, and Arthur had been sent for, promising to return and let us know if John was better, before morning and Arthur and the messenger had started for the town, and I am sure he has forgotten what night it is,' and she sank on the sofa in the hall.

'Forgotten, what night it is,' said I, for a feeling of uneasiness came over me.

'Why did he not tell you. It has been on his mind for the last three months.'

Then it flashed across my brain on this night three months, was our fearful encounter.

'He told me,' continued Miss Stone, 'that before the creature you described to me, leaped from his horse, he heard distinctly hissed into his ear the frightful words, "I will meet you again three months from to-night."

I tried to shake this terrible speech from his mind, and when you told us about the discovery of the body of that strange animal he seemed to take heart; but it was of no use. He sank back into his family and said that he distinctly heard the words; some one uttered them, and he believed the devil had possessed the shaggy creature that leaped behind him.

I told him his fancies were foolish and puerile, that his mind, for he raved constantly you know, during his sickness had already commenced to wander.

But he replied that he remembered the mad ride and every tree and hedgerow until he reached the half way tree, and there all was a blank.

I hoped to-night would have passed off without any unpleasant occurrences, for although I do not believe his story, I confess I am very uneasy.

He must have forgotten it, said I.

Yes he became very much excited in our last game; you see it is very late and John's sudden sickness must have banished all remembrance of the evening from his mind. If he attempts to come home before morning and the sight of the old oak, which he never recoils without a shudder, should recall suddenly his frightful vision, I dare not think of the consequences on his mind in his enfeebled state.

Will you walk up the lane with me she asked, and soon returned cloaked and hooded, and throwing my plaid over my shoulder we sallied forth into the courtyard.

The East was all aglow with the first tinge of daylight and the moist smell of the marshy plain was brought to us on the fresh morning wind as we turned into the lane.

No sign of life could be seen along the level expanse of the converging lines of the hedgerows, culminated in a narrow opening far in the distance, discernible against the rapidly brightening horizon.

Scarcely had we advanced a few steps up the narrow pathway before Miss Stone exclaimed, 'There he is!' and a moving object was entering the narrow aperture.

I confess I breathed more freely as the horseman rapidly advanced towards us, for as well as I could judge at the distance between us, it was Arthur returning apparently safe and well.

He neared the ill-fated tree.

I quickened my pace and Arthur seemed almost abreast of its hideous trunk.

Suddenly a shriek by my side startled the quiet air, as Miss Stone grasped me, and I saw Arthur wildly throw up his arms and fall from the saddle.

Anxiety lent us wings and we flew to the fatal spot while the frantic mare darted past us down the lane. Did I, or did I not see a grinning semblance on its back. Was it a phantom of my agonized brain, or indeed a mysterious reality, I do not dare to say.

When we reached poor Arthur life must have been extinct. A severe blow on the head was the apparent cause, so said the doctors, and death instantly ensued. We found the same afternoon that Arthur and his brother's groom, had met a second messenger, with the tidings of John's partial return to consciousness and anxious to relieve the suspense of his mother and sister, returned toward Stonehurst.

Probably, as we supposed, the sudden shock at sight of the old tree, had brought back to his recollection the terrible words, so long brooded over, and falling in a fainting condition from his spirited animal brought the sad occurrence to its fatal termination.

Or did he see the hideous presence squatted under the gnarled branches, that so frightfully tormented his sleeping and waking hours, is not for me to determine.

But Bernard, said I, as he paused for a moment, was Arthur subject to monomania in any other form.

'Not as I know,' answered he, 'at the College he was full of animal spirits, and at home before the sad episode of his life made the old house cheerful and pleasant. I shall never forget the day of his funeral. He was buried in the afternoon and before we had reached the town the fast falling snow had covered us with its pall of purity.'

The graveyard was in a bleak and barren spot on the Moor, near the town boundaries, and the cutting flakes beat in our faces, as we stood by the frozen and gaping earth.

When the coffin had been lowered into its cold resting place and the dull sound of the crumbling particles resounded on the hollow lid, Miss Stone, who remained on one side of me, gave a convulsive start and sank to the ground.

Feeling the inert weight on my arm, I turned to Mrs. Stone, who had not shed a tear but was convulsively grasping the corners of her mourning veil, with agonized intensity, and quickly removing the light covering from the face of her daughter, the handkerchief passed to her lips we found saturated with blood.

'Poor girl,' resumed Bernard, after a moment's pause, she never recovered her former health. Mrs. Stone tried the effects of a warmer climate. We passed the remainder of the winter in the South of France, but she gradually faded with the waning summer, and before the anniversary of Arthur's death we again stood in the desolate churchyard.

Neither of us spoke for some moments, at this conclusion, and Bernard shading his eyes from me, gazed earnestly into the fire.

'His mother,' at last asked I, 'what became of her?'

'She is still in the old house on the moor, I believe,' said he. 'I called to see her before I left the country and found her the same calm, quiet, little woman as before and only when I bent to kiss her good bye, did she seem agitated at remembrances of the past. The little cross you have seen me wear belonged to her daughter and she placed it on my neck as we said our last good bye.

The storm had now subsided and the moon breaking through the fast driving clouds, lit up the apartments with its silver radiance. I retired to rest leaving Bernard still smoking and pondering on the sad events he had collected from the closely woven web of Memory.

Laws of Rhode Island.

AN ACT in amendment of Title VIII, Chapter 37, of the Revised Statutes—"Of Property liable to taxation."

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows: Section 1. Land of the Narragansett tribe in Charlestown owned by any member of the tribe in fee simple, shall not be liable to taxation for the support of the poor or the erection and repairs of school houses, or the support of public schools in the town of Charlestown.

AN ACT to authorize the City Council of the City of Newport to regulate the speed of steamers in the harbor of said city.

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows: Section 1. The City Council of the city of Newport is hereby authorized and empowered to pass such ordinances as said City Council may deem necessary to regulate the speed at which any steamboat or other vessel propelled by steam shall run in any part of the inner harbor of said city, between the lighthouse at the north end of the breakwater on Goat Island; and the buoy on the south end of Goat Island; and to fix such penalties for the violation of said ordinance as shall not exceed the sum of five dollars for each violation.

AN ACT in amendment of an act entitled "An act to incorporate the Mechanics' Savings Bank in the city of Providence," and of the several acts in amendment thereof.

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows: Section 1. The sum which may be received by the Mechanics' Savings Bank, and remain under its management, may be increased, but shall not exceed the sum of three million dollars.

AN ACT in amendment of Chapter 190—"Of Costs, double costs and double interest and of taxation of costs."

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows: Section 1. In all appeals from any order, determination or decree of any Court of Probate to the Supreme Court, on rendering judgment therein, may award costs for or against the appellants or appellees, or for neither, or may apportion the same between and among the parties appellants and appellees in their discretion, according to the circumstances of the case, and as to them shall appear equitable and just.

AN ACT in amendment of Chapter 57, of Title XII of the Revised Statutes, of "Appropriations for the education of indigent blind, deaf and dumb, idiotic and imbecile persons."

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows: Section 1. The sum of three thousand dollars is hereby annually appropriated out of the General Treasury, for the education of the indigent blind of this State, at the institution thereto at South Boston, Massachusetts; for the education of indigent deaf mutes of this State at the American Asylum at Hartford, Connecticut; for the education of the deaf and dumb, and for the education of such indigent idiot and imbecile persons of this State, at institutions now established, or that may be established within or without the State, for the education and improvement of such idiot and imbecile persons.

Section 2. The Governor is authorized to select such indigent persons, being inhabitants of the State, as he shall deem proper as State beneficiaries, and to determine the amount of said appropriation to be applied to the education of each, so that no one person shall receive any portion thereof for more than five years, nor a greater sum in one year than one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Section 3. So much of the act to which this is an amendment, as is inconsistent therewith, is hereby repealed.

Mutton in Parvo.
Original and selected, prepared for the Mercury.

Answer to last week's charade—Pet-ti-coat.

CHARADE.
My first in triumphs is commonly found;
In many old homes my second;
My whole is long, tapered, tufted and round,
And with best very excellent reckoned.
Conundrum.—Why is the letter N most sorrowful of letters? Because it is always inconsolable.

What is everybody doing at the same time? Growing older.

Why should shoemakers and milkmen be good sellers? Because they are both used in working the pumps.

Two persons of a satiric turn met a neighbor, and said: 'Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most known or fool?' The man took both of the queries by the arm, so that he was in the middle, and then answered, in reply—'Truth,' said he, 'I believe I am between both.'

Spectacles and Thanks.—Dr. Franklin being very near-sighted, was obliged to wear spectacles; and one morning as he was walking in London, he accidentally jostled against a porter very heavily laden. The fellow, irritated at what he considered an insult, immediately turned round about, and in the peevishness of resentment exclaimed, 'D—n your spectacles!' 'Thank you, friend,' replied the doctor, 'it's not the first time my spectacles have saved my eyes; for, I suppose if I happened not to have them on, it would have been d—n your eyes.'

The Gals of Old Times.—Mrs. Partington says when she was a gal, she always had a beau to extort her home. But now the gals undergo all such declivities; the task of extorting them home revolves on their dear selves! Then the old lady drew down her specs and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days.

Stop that Bleeding.—Extraordinary as may appear, a piece of brown paper, folded and placed between the upper lip and gum, will stop bleeding at the nose. Try it.

In the two periods of life—20 to 25, and 25 to 30—the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor; at 30 it is four times as great; and from 20 to 45 it is four times as great; at 60 the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. After the age of 30 the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio; the probability at 35 is not much more than half that at 20, and nearly the same proportion exists between each period of five years afterward.

Force of Imagination.—Buckland, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his friends to dine with him. His house, and all his establishment, were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner table looked splendid, with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

'How do you like the soup?' asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day.

'Very good, indeed!' answered the other.

'Turtle, is it not?' I only ask because I do not find any green fat.'

The Doctor shook his head. 'I think it has a somewhat musky taste,' said another, 'not unpleasant, but peculiar.'

'Alligators have,' replied Buckland; 'the cayman peculiarly so—the fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have been just eating.'

There was a general route of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

'See what imagination is,' said Buckland; 'if I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, salt-water emulsion or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse—such is prejudice.'

'But was it really an alligator?' asked a lady. 'As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet!' answered Buckland.

Family Courtesy.—Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathizing to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits towards the members of their own family, will be rude and thoughtless to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender, and affectionate, and the manners of all uniformly gentle and considerate, and the members of the family thus trained will carry into the world and society the habits of their childhood.

They will require in their associates similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem and the cultivation of the best affections, and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts.

of Germany, their independence, the right of Lord Chamberlain shows that the German government will not hastily interfere if France shall be able to maintain their own of Denmark proper, wherever may be the title of the Duchies. But he declined saying whether the government would do, if the Germans should enter Jutland. This was no doubt delicate suggestion, and understood to be the protection of King Christian's in the argument of Kings. But hardly had the Danish words been put in print, when the name of Jutland that the Germans had already entered Jutland.

We are to have a new line of stereograph
sent with President, which will give great
accommodation in stereographing with all our
North, South and West. The American Stereograph Company are now putting up the
and in the course of a week it will be ready for
use.

The *Commons Day State and Empire* has
now leaves New York at 1 o'clock p. m., State
of 6 o'clock, as heretofore.

See *Advertisements Boston State*
there, in the last issue.

We learn that the National Library Lecture Committee are endeavoring to engage the Rev. John Latta to deliver the new course of lectures on the "Foil of Rome," which have been presented with much marked favor in Philadelphia and other cities. We hope the committee will receive such encouragement from our officers as will sustain them in securing the service.

General Smith, has been assigned to the command of the Department of Western Virginia.

The widow of President Eisenhower died at her residence at North Bend, Ohio, on Friday night last week.

The Chicago Tribune says that the African League in the United States numbers more than 600,000 members.

Ex-Marshal Kane of Baltimore, has services in Richmond, and has been made a colonel.

The *Long* quantities are compared to *France* to locate its consequences of the facilities of the office the United States Railway. The new was formerly worked with petroleum and automobile, but animals are now employed as in the manner of horses. By this means large loads of 1,000 and 1,200 pounds are obtained. This is an advantage, as the oil used can be selling when it is large volume.

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Finnish:—I see girls have been chosen for swimming & most sport another young girl, with a disease of which you fear terribly. This innocent girl is not likely to

on arrested. If
English usual.
hot police, the
to publish—
1970.

